THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, September 21, 1807.

THE LETTER-BOX.

No. 3.

MISTRESS BACKSTITCH TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

I Have the honner to be my Lady Mary M——'s manu ensis, and her ladyship desires me to drop the inclosed pistle into your box. At the same time, Sir, allow me to ask you, who this demure *Mr. Eugenio* may be that takes the libberty to dress our six so familyarly; I wish you would give us no more of his sermonising, for after all his fine sentaments, I verily believe he's no better than he should be. A frind of mine (between ourselves, Sir) suspects she knows him, and if it be the same she pointed out to me last evening, I would not trust myself alone in the dark with him for the world, and that's poz; for notwithstanding his talking so solemnly about "the wonderful revalation of the planits," and the sublyme and buttiful works of natur," he has a *very wicked eye*, Sir, and so you may 'tell him, if you please, from

Your humble servant to command,

X. ELIZ. BACKSTITCH.

P. S. My Lady Mary don't much like his morility no more then myself, and if he continues his prechifying, her ladyship will surely send you some of her lucribations on the subject; but if her ladyship neglects to do it, I shall certainly take up my own pin to chastize such unbarable impedence.

EMILY TO LADY MARY M——.

THE interest my good Lady Mary has always taken in my welfare induces me to give her the earliest account of the late

eventful period of my existence. Your ladyship undoubtedly remembers, when residing in the vale of Endor, the attachment that existed between myself and Henry Seymour. Companions from our infancy, and secluded, in a manner, from the rest of the world, it is not to be wondered at that Henry's pursuits and sentiments were congenial with my own; the sincere cordiality that connected our families prevailed on them to keep us together in rural retirement, and to be themselves the immediate superintendants of our education; hoping that our early friendship and uninterrupted intimacy would terminate in love, and finally promote the plan they had projected for our mutual prosperity. As our years encreased, I blush not to own that our parents' expectations were realized. The most ardent passion, strengthened and supported by the purest virtue, gradually took possession of our hearts, and made us the happiest of beings.

About this period your ladyship first came to reside in the noble mansion, at the entrance of the valley; and, believe me, it greatly added to my happiness to be admitted to your ladyship's confidential friendship. With such a friend and such a lover, I had not a wish ungratified, and every fleeting moment seemed winged with delight. I well remember (and indeed I have just reason to as long as I live) that your ladyship proposed giving a dance, to which Henry and myself were invited. The novelty of the amusement in such a scene of retirement, and the natural gaiety of a heart at ease, prevailed on me to accept the invitation without a moment's reflection; but Henry positively refused to accompany me; an unusual gloom hung on his brow, and, notwithstanding my most tender and pressing solicitations, he was not to be moved to compliance.—"No," said he, pressing me to his heart, "no, my Emily, I cannot attend you; but go yourself, and the blessing of Heaven be with you. As for me, Emily, I shall feel far happier in the sweet sylvan solitude, you have so frequently endeared by your presence: there shall I recline beneath our favourite oak, and enjoy in fancy what 'till then I possessed in reality. Yes, go—go, Emily; and Heaven be with you." I could but weep at his depression of spirits; even on my knees I implored him to dissipate his inquietude, and join me in the dance; but vain were my persuasions. In short I came to your ladyship unaccompanied by my Henry; the splendour of the room, the fascination of the music, and smile of mirth beaming on every countenance, alleviated, for awhile, the weight of woe occasioned by his absence; and when the dance began, it was not a little flattering to my juvenile feelings, to be selected as a partner by the marquis of D——. But short was the transport of vanity: the strange behaviour of the marquis soon convinced

convinced me that virtue does not always accompany wealth and titles. His distressing attentions, insinuating looks, and base inuendos, chilled my soul with horror, and formed such a black contrast to the ingenuous conduct of Henry, that I resolved to quit the room at the conclusion of my engagement. At the end of the dance I seated myself in an obscure situation in order to escape attention, but alas! my evil genius still haunted me; and the increasing freedom of his conversation soon urged me precipitately from the festive scene. But that I may not trespass on your ladyship's patience by too minute a detail of circumstances, I shall briefly inform you, that Henry was soon restored to happiness, and that I fondly participated in the blissful change.

Some months after this occurrence, when the shades of evening had invited us to our usual excursion in the grove, a band of armed ruffians rushed unexpectedly upon us. A sharp struggle ensued, but resistance, shrieks, and entreaties were in vain; I was, in a moment, hurried away from the arms of my lover, the valley of my birth, and the dear guardians of my youth. Being lifted into a close carriage, and seated between two masked attendants, I gave myself up to grief and despair, and continued in that state of misery, 'till after a tedious journey, through intricate and unfrequented roads, we arrived at the castle of Ashton. As I heard the name pronounced, the author of my sorrows was no longer unknown to me; and whilst I implored the protection of Heaven in the preservation of innocence, I was introduced, or rather forced, into the presence of the detested marquis.

Without permitting him to address me, I reviled him as a villain, and used, I have no doubt, many harsh expressions, which prudence should have guarded against. A sneering smile was all his reply; and when he at length perceived me overcome with fatigue, and exhausted by the irritation of my feelings, he immediately approached, and, folding me in his arms, swore no earthly power should ever part us. Here horror and rage again took posssession of my soul, and in the height of my frenzy, I seized a dagger that was suspended from his side, and made a plunge at his heart! what was the immediate result, I am ignorant; animation forsook me, and when I at last recovered, I found myself in a dark, damp, and horrible apartment, with one small window only, and that strongly secured by iron bars. A thousand wild and incoherent ideas disturbed my imagination, and it was a considerable time before I could collect my scattered senses. Not long had I contemplated the probable consequence of my rashness, ere an old wrinkled, mumbling hag made her appearance, and after informing me that the marquis was dangerously ill, and that on

his life depended my own, she placed bread and water before me, and retired, muttering curses and threatenings. This was the only visitor I had for many long and tedious months, nor could tears or intreaties ever soften the austerity of her behaviour. Before my little window the sea extended its azure bosom, and the fishermen laboured so near me, that I could easily distinguish their voices, and snatch a temporary solace from the songs of their merriment.

It is impossible to describe the wretchedness of my condition; philosophy forsook me, and I would gladly have welcomed death as the best of friends. But not to trouble your ladyship with reflections, I will proceed in my story: after a confinement of ten months, I was informed that the marquis was returned from a neighbouring watering-place, perfectly recovered, and that an immediate interview with me was demanded. Perceiving the futility of resistance, I obeyed the summons; his conversation and resolute manner petrified me with horror, and the fearful anticipation of approaching fate drove me to distraction.

In the midst of this wretchedness, nature itself, as if to add to my terrors, assumed an awful appearance; and as night returned, the lightning flashed without intermission, the winds howled horribly, and the loud thunders seemed to shake the vast concave of Heaven. In the intervening pause of the contending elements, signal guns of distress were distinctly heard, and a large vessel was discovered approaching the rocky shore; the domestics were about to hasten to the cliff, when the cry of "fire" re-echoed through the castle; the lightning had struck it in several parts, and the whole fabric was in a blaze;—dreadful was the consequent confusion; I fled I knew not whither, 'till unable to extricate myself from the approaching flames, I threw myself on the ground in despair, and waited patiently, the termination of my misery. At this moment a sailor rushed into the apartment, and seizing me in his arms, bore me, with difficulty, out of the reach of danger; and this sailor—this deliverer—was *my Henry*.

Our happiness can only be conceived, and not described; he had just escaped from the unfortunate ship, despair having driven him to face the enemies of his country. The wretched marquis alone perished in the flames, and his fate, I trust, will serve as a fearful warning to the vicious. Innocence is the peculiar care of Heaven; and the reward of the wicked is death.

My story might be spun out to the length of a modern novel; but even as it is, I must beg pardon for so long intruding on your ladyship's attention.

X. EMILY.

POSTCRIPT

POSTSCRIPT
TO
THE RING.

(Continued from Page 726.)

A Letter was written by the countess to Sir Bumpkin, requesting him, as a friend, to oblige her with the loan of 500l. (not chusing to frighten him with too large a sum at the first onset) to purchase a few trinkets she had fancied, and which she wished his lordship not to be privy to. This note was conveyed by Fidget, with orders to deliver it to none but himself. The baronet returned a verbal answer, (indeed he was incapable of a written one) "that he would certainly obey her lady's commands."

The next morning he dropped in, in a friendly way, whilst the noble pair were at breakfast, declaring he was woundily hungry, and had come, without ceremony, to take a dish of *cat-lap* with the lady, and if his lordship would order a relish, the slop would have something to wash down. Having gobbled up a sufficiency for a brace of ploughmen, he said he had come thus early to catch his lordship at home, having a favour to beg of him.

"What is that Sir Andrew?" replied the earl.

"Why, my lord, I am damnably pressed for 500l. (slily tipping the wink to the countess) it is a very particular matter, and my steward has disappointed me of remittances I should have received yesterday, and I cannot wait. Will you oblige me with that sum for a day or two?"

His lordship politely gave him a check on his banker for the sum. A newspaper lying on the table, he observed a new play advertised for the evening, and asked if his lordship meant to be present? He replied he had an engagement at seven, which would detain him late. (Again he tipt the countess the wink) "Does your ladyship attend the theatre?"

"His lordship is engaged, and I can take no pleasure without him. I shall therefore remain at home." This he perfectly understood, and soon after withdrew.

We think it unnecessary to be disgustingly particular in relating the circumstances that followed. It is melancholy to reflect, that the folly of gaming had taken such complete possession of the mind of the countess, that she resolved to sacrifice all to obtain the means of gratifying it. So rapid is the progress of vice, that this accomplished and once virtuous lady, for the sake of acquiring the paltry sum of 500l. consented to a private interview with Sir Bumpkin (when she knew the earl would be absent), to which he was to be conducted by Fidget, whom

whom she had sworn to secrecy on the occasion. The event, however, shewed plainly her confidence was misplaced, for Fidget revealed the secret to the butler, and he discovered it to his brother, who lived in the same capacity with Lord Woodley. In the hope of gaining a considerable sum, the butler concerted a plan which should enable him and his brother to be eye-witnesses of the whole transaction.

Her ladyship sat ready to receive her enamoured swain in the most enchanting dishabille her ingenious fancy could assume; her heart palpitating with pleasure for the 500*l*. Bounce was privately introduced by the watchful Fidget, unobserved by any of the servants, the porter excepted, to whom the maid had been chattering for some time, in order to be ready. His lordship not being at home, the baronet enquired for his lady; Fidget replied, she could not say whether the countess was at home or not, but if his honour would walk into the drawing-room, she would enquire. This blinded the porter from any contrivance, and his visit appeared no way more particular than usual. He was received with a smile by the lady, and the servant dismissed, who meant to have a little enjoyment herself, in confab with the butler; but seeing his brother, and the two other servants, enjoying themselves also over a bottle of his lordship's best wine, she retired to the housekeeper's room, saying her lady was busy writing.

Her ladyship obtained the object of her wishes, by receiving the bank notes, but not without a sacrifice for which no money could compensate, as the evidence on the trial which ensued sufficiently proved.

The baronet, compelled to depart in time, was let out without any suspicion from the porter. The countess, with rapture, locked up the bank notes, assuring her woman she would not forget her. This was not the case with the baronet, for he forgot to drop into the open hand of the confident a single guinea, or any part of the sum, for which she told the butler he was an errant scrub; but his lordship's return put an end to any more dressing-room conversation that night.

In the morning the earl and his lady were again intruded on by the appearance of Bounce, and he stuffed at breakfast as before. The repast ended, he began to thank his lordship for his friendly loan the day before, saying it was useless as it happened, having received the expected remittance. His lordship replied, any apology was unnecessary, and to make payment suit his own convenience. He then put on one of his vacant stares, exclaiming—

"Why the Devil's in the dice! Does not your lordship know I have paid the money?"

"Sir?"—(his lordship looking surprised in his turn, and the countess almost fainting).

"Oh! perhaps her ladyship has forgot. But your ladyship cannot but remember I called last night, but your lordship not being at home, I made bold to enquire after my lady, hating to be in debt a single moment, and to her I delivered the 500l. which I suppose, Madam, you forgot to inform his lordship?"

His lordship quite petrified, suspecting she intended to conceal the circumstance, and keep the money, which was no proof of reformation, gravely enquired if she had the money! She nodded assent, really incapable of articulating a syllable, and immediately quitted the room.

With difficulty she reached her dressing-room, when she threw herself into a chair, almost suffocated with passion. All she had felt hitherto was nothing to the present moment. When she could regain the faculty of speech, she not only talked, but raved, 'till the trembling Fidget really thought her poor lady's brain was turned, and she was absolutely distracted. All was now lost! all her fine and deep laid schemes rendered abortive by the machinations of a villain—a most consummate, treacherous, and unparalleled villain! whom from her soul she had ever detested, and in whose hands her reputation, dearer than all the rest! was now pledged, and might be irretrievably gone!

After raving 'till her ladyship had neither strength or breath to rave any longer, she threw herself sullenly into a chair. The alarmed Fidget seized the opportunity of condolence.

"Dear, my lady, why you will break my heart to see you take on in this *intrepidious* way. Why you can but give again the five hundred pounds to my lord, and perhaps, as you are now so *good*, he may make you a present of it; if not you are but where you was, and I would not plague myself about it, and the scrub might do his worst. Many a lady has borrowed money as well as your ladyship, and the blackguard can say no more?"

As something must be done not to provoke the earl at such a crisis, and as 500l. were of little effect, as no more would now arise from the same source, the notes were carefully sealed up in a note, acknowledging the circumstance had slipped her memory, and delivered by Fidget to his lordship.

The countess now began to reflect, that whatever trespass she had made, the secret must remain between themselves; being a *married* woman, his own danger in discovery would impose silence; and with this consolation she met his lordship at dinner with tolerable composure.

But here she reckoned without her host. Sir Bumpkin's vanity would not allow that the world should remain unacquainted with his triumph. What did he care for an action of damage, when put in competition with the gratification of *vanity*? Besides,

sides, it could not be much; he could produce her ladyship's letter, with other lures to entrap him, and he did not value the matter a flea-bite; and then again, his admirable dexterity, his wit, in borrowing the money of the fool her husband, and so nicking them both; all these amiable considerations having due weight, he bid his friends give him joy, and reported the whole business, with the most diabolical exaggerations, in half the coffee-houses in town.

But *he* too reckoned without his host; for few, if any, gave him credit, and some of the earl's friends, enraged at the atrocious slander, called him lyar and scoundrel to his teeth, so that he deemed it prudent (perhaps luckily for himself) to *sneak* out of town, nor could his servants give an insight where he had disposed of himself. The circumstance having got wind, made its way into all fashionable circles. The gentlemen all pronounced it an infamous falsehood, the ladies had their *doubts*. But the matter as yet had not found its way to the public prints, the editors having their *fears*. But it became largely expatiated on, and loudly laughed at in the servants'-halls, and among the rest, Lord Woodly's, where the butler, not knowing his brother's *private* reasons for concealment, and thinking the murder out, swore to the truth, and declared the whole transaction.

Lord Woodly's valet was a young man of some sense, and gratefully attached to his master, and the whole family; his lordship benevolently taking him, an orphan, under his care. This man warmly defended the character of the countess, but the butler produced such "damning proofs," as nearly brought conviction. He pondered alone on the business; the honour of the family demanded reparation, if any could be given; but to divulge it to his lord was a delicate point, and his judgment taught him to be secret, 'till he saw what turn the affair might take.

One evening his lord came home with a countenance much ruffled, and apparently in great distress of mind. His faithful valet guessed, as was the truth, the fatal tidings had reached him, and was observant of every look and motion. His lordship had treated this man with great tenderness, being respectably born; he had bestowed on him a very decent education, and had behaved to him, in many instances, more as a friend, than a servant; and knowing his attachment, as a confident, and found he was to be trusted. In the morning he asked him, if he thought he had a clue that could discover where Sir Andrew was to be found? He had left London, the servants refused to tell where, and his business with him was of the highest importance. One thing leading to another, an eclaircissement took place. His lordship stood confounded, for he really did not believe the tale, and intended to discover the baronet,

to compel him to a recantation, and punish him as he deserved. The butler was called in, and boldly asserted the fact. The valet had his instructions to lure the earl's butler also to the house, without intimation of the discovery, determined to interrogate him without his brother's previous knowledge. The fellow at first began to prevaricate, but his lordship sternly demanding the truth, the whole was explained, with her ladyship's policy in making her son an intercessor in her favour with the earl, and her designs on the baronet's purse, as retailed by Fidget to her lover.

Such a complicated scene of villainy roused every warm sensation in behalf of his unfortunate nephew. He now deemed it lucky the baronet could not be found, not knowing what might be the result of the first transports of passion; for that the earl must be informed, and throw off his disgrace, was indisputable; and to hazard his valuable life, according to the modern mode of revenge, and put it on a par with a wretch, must be guarded against.

After mature deliberation, his lordship's first step was to touch on the subject as delicately as possible, in a letter to her father, requesting his immediate presence in town: this was enclosed in a very long one to Mr. Merit, where the business was fully explained, leaving to his better judgment the preparation in conveying the afflicting news to the unhappy parent. This point settled, his next step was to prepare the earl; but what a task was this! It must, however, at all events, be done. Lady Gertrude was then on a visit to him in town, and it was concerted between them, that his niece should, under some pretence, get the countess out of the house, fearing consequences, while himself, having prepared the earl, by note, to expect him on very extraordinary business, would snatch the opportunity of relating to him the whole of his misfortune. We shall briefly say, this was done; but to describe the effect on the noble mind of Lord Grandfield is impossible; this beggars all description. Suffice it to say, it was thought prudent to detain the countess in the house of Lord Woodly, where she remained 'till her father and Merit arrived in London. The distressed parent still hoped his daughter had been traduced, but when all circumstances were clearly explained, he disdained subterfuge, and bowed to this most cutting affliction.

The meeting between him and the earl would have roused the feelings of the most callous heart; the latter took him cordially by the hand, with "Oh! my father—my dearly loved, and valued friend, you now behold me the most miserable of men! That idol, once my heart's richest treasure! must be again resigned to your paternal care; she is still your daughter; as such your goodness of heart will cherish her, but *my wife* is lost; my peace of mind everlastingly fled! nor will she long

retain the name. My injured honour now demands the only reparation left me—an appeal to the laws of my country; but oh! I feel for—I pity *you!*"

Our heroine now no longer objected to a journey into the country; she would, indeed, have consented to have been buried in a wood, to have been shielded from disgrace, infamy, and the horrors of reflection: a disgrace she had not only brought on herself, but wantonly courted.

Fidget, who was to be discharged, was now employed in the last office for her lady, namely, packing up her wardrobe. Here the earl exerted himself in a manner unexpected, insisting on the restoration of the family jewels. Her ladyship as strongly insisted on retaining them, pleading they were a gift, and her right during life. But the interference of Truman settled the dispute, by insisting, in his turn, she should renounce them.

As for the baronet, being tired of his country ramble, as he sneaked *out* of town, so he sneaked *in* again; keeping rather aloof, and guarding carefully against encountering the earl, dreading every morning his throat would be cut before night; and as every body shunned him, he had a good deal of time for reflection, had he possessed a mind capable of thinking.

(To be continued.)

The Rev. J. Dennis's Speech in Favour of Vaccination.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

HAVING seen in your Weekly Entertainer some observations, [vide page 711,] copied from the Exeter Flying Post, and purporting to have been made by me on the proposal to introduce the practice of vaccination into the Devon and Exeter Hospital, and as they appeared in a sadly mutilated state, you may probably have no objection to insert a correct account of what I advanced, which, to the best of my recollection, was as follows:

I am,
Your obedient servant,
Exeter, September 11, 1807. J. DENNIS.

When, Mr. Vice-president, the new hemisphere was discovered in the fifteenth century, we know that the credit and honour of the discovery was given to Americus Vespasius, although the real merit of it was justly due to his predecessor Columbus. The very same circumstance has occurred in regard to the discovery of vaccine inoculation. Dr. Jenner was no more the original author of this discovery than I am; for

to

to the honour of the county of Devon, nearly forty years ago, this same discovery, for which Dr. Jenner has been so liberally rewarded, was actually made by a person of Axminster, a Mr. Nicholas Bragge, who by long observation and repeated experiment, ascertained not only that the cow-pox was a preventive of the small-pox, but likewise that the same effect might be produced if the infection were communicated by means of inoculation. The result of his observation, and experiments he communicated, through the medium of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, to Sir George Baker; but it happened, unfortunately, that Sir George had just before published, what was called his leaden theory, by which he had drawn ridicule upon himself, and therefore did not like, at that time, to venture the promulgation of another new hypothesis.

I have mentioned this circumstance not with the most distant view of detracting from the merit of Dr. Jenner, since much merit is certainly due to him, for having been the instrument of intending a practice, fraught with consequences so beneficial to the public; but my motive is to obviate, by anticipation, an objection which has been, and may again be made against the measure proposed, grounded upon the erroneous idea, that vaccination is a discovery so recent and so novel, as will scarcely warrant the countenance and support which is now claimed for it from this court. But that countenance, and that support will not, I trust, be withheld, when, in addition to the recommendation of nearly forty years experience, there be taken into consideration the various advantages with which the practice has been attended. Those advantages have already been pointed out in so able and so luminous a manner by yourself, that it would be only a needless detention of your time, were I to expatiate largely upon them.

I recollect in our logical disputations, in the schools of the university, we used to advance a proposition as the middle term of a syllogism, which, however sophistical it might then have been in its application, contains an argument, the truth of which is now become self-evident. The proposition was this—"*Qui appetit variolus, appetit morbum.*" Since the discovery and successful practice of vaccination, it may justly be said that *the advocate for the small-pox is, in effect, an advocate for disease*; because every instance of variolous inoculation endangers the further communication of infection, while vaccination is not in the smallest degree contagious.

The comparative advantages of vaccine and variolous inoculation are so clearly stated in the report of the college of physicians, as is, I conceive, sufficient to produce conviction in the mind of every unprejudiced and candid inquirer. At least, after the production of such a mass of evidence, so decisive in its favour—after the general approbation which the practice

has met with from the first medical practitioners, in every part of the united kingdom—after the public sanction it has received from the legislature itself, in the liberal remuneration bestowed on its chief promoter—I cannot but think, that opposition should wait in silence and suspence, until it sees, with its own eyes, what it refuses to believe upon the testimony of more experienced men.

One grand reason why it is proper and expedient for the governors of this hospital to accede to the proposition before us is, that the further a place be removed from the metropolis, the more reluctant are the lower classes, who constitute by far the larger proportion of its population, to acquiesce in any new practice, in any department whatever; for this reason, if a practice be proved to be of beneficial tendency, it is incumbent upon the more enlightened part of the community, to afford it every possible sanction. For want of such sanction, when, some three or four years since, the medical gentlemen of this city formed a society, and raised a subscription, and opened a room, for the purpose of vaccinating the children of the poor, free of expence, the common people suspected that the idea originated merely from a desire of the faculty to try an experiment upon their children, to which they would not prevail upon their more opulent patients to subject their families. And what was the consequence? as might have been expected, the plan failed. And every plan of the kind will fail, unless it be countenanced—unless it be supported—unless it be warmly recommended by the well-informed, the affluent, the independent.

Men of information, of affluence, of independence, are here assembled. Their's is the duty—their's is the desire—to promote the public good. With their sanction, the measure which has been proposed, will, in all probability, be attended with success. Without it, if we may judge of the future by the past—it must fail. But would you endanger the failure of any measure which is calculated to promote the comfort, and to preserve the lives of your fellow-creatures? forbid it, common humanity—forbid it, Christian charity; aid, assist, and encourage the sons of Esculapius, in their benevolent attempt. Hitherto it has been their province, to *cure* disease; now it is their laudable object, their disinterested desire, under providence, to *prevent* it; promote that object—foster that desire. Thus will you become, in the completest sense of the expression, *eyes* to such as but for you might have been made *blind*—*feet*, to such as but for you might have been made *lame*; and *the blessing of those who otherwise* might have been *ready to perish, will come upon you.*

AGRI-

AGRICOLA's COMPLAINT *of his* WIFE.

"The coward bosom quakes with fear."

To the Printer,

Sir,

HAVING heard you mentioned as a man who is not content with merely pitying the misfortunes of his fellow creatures, but who, by his counsel, will endeavour to relieve them, I shall not tire you with apologies for troubling you with the following letter; but as I trust the infelicity of my situation will, in exciting your pity, be a sufficient excuse, I shall proceed to lay my grievances before you as fairly as I can.

I was born in the village S——, my father held a large farm under the duke of D———, and his reputation was equally extended for punctuality and honesty. Being an only child, I was, of course, the favourite of both my parents, and they spared no pains to educate me in virtue. Upon the decease of my father, who died when I was about eighteen, I succeeded to the fields which had been tilled by my ancestors for four generations. For three years I enjoyed all the happiness contentment is capable of bestowing. Of the cares and vanities of the world I knew nothing, nor did I ever feel a wish to ramble further than the next market town. I rose at the dawn to my daily labour; every meal was sweetened by the reflection that I had earned it; and every setting sun left me happy. The blessing of God attended my industry, and at the end of the three years I had accumulated nearly one hundred pounds.

About this time I began to think of marriage; but having been better educated than my neighbours, I was a little difficult in making a choice. After some hesitation, I paid my addresses to the daughter of a respectable grazier, who having served several years as waiting-maid in a nobleman's family in London, would, I thought, from her experience and knowledge of the world, be a more agreeable companion, and better able to instruct her children than one who had never been further than the neighbouring town. As my family were known to have been reputable, and as her old father suspected that I had "a bit of money," no objection was made to the match, and, after a fortnight spent in decent courtship, we were married.

From this period, Mr. Editor, I may date my misfortunes. However blind a lover may be to the failings of his mistress, a husband is generally sensible to the faults of his wife. Mine, Sir, is one of the greatest cowards you can conceive it possible for a human being to be. She daily torments both herself and her husband with the most ridiculous and groundless fears. Before I was married it was my custom, sometimes in the week

days, but regularly every Sunday afternoon, when the weather would permit, to take a walk round my farm, the road to which lies through the most populous part of the village. In this little excursion I promised myself great pleasure from the company of my wife, but I can never prevail upon her to accompany me, unless a servant is sent before us to see that there are no dogs in the way; and once she fell into a fit at the sight of an old hound walking leisurely through a neighbouring field. She has twice compelled me to return home, before we had proceeded half way, because she observed a cow grazing in a lane through which we necessarily must have passed; and when I endeavoured to assure her there was no danger, she gravely told me that cows were often as savage as bulls, and that she knew the value of her life too well to come within reach of their horns. I now find it necessary to carry a bottle of hartshorn whenever we walk out together. If a dog should be seen half a mile before us, I am encumbered with sticks and stones, and kindly placed in front to receive the first bite. With such a companion, Mr. Editor, who is so entirely engrossed with concern for her own safety, you may easily suppose I can enjoy very little pleasure. When I am making remarks upon a corn field, she complains of the dampness of the night, wonders why she forgot her other shawl, and is certain of catching a cold, which will probably be her death. If I calculate when the next cow will calve, she interrupts me with telling of the quickness of her pulse, and the necessity there will be to take a cordial to prevent a fever.

It is no less at home than abroad that I find myself encumbered with a wife. I was one morning called home from the plough, because she had seen a rat, and was obliged to stay at home the remainder of the day, to prevent it coming again, and frightening her into hysterics. If her finger is scratched she runs to put it in cold water to prevent a mortification. The doctor is called when there is no occasion; and yet she refuses to take his medicines because "too many drugs are as pernicious as poison."

This, Mr. Editor, is my uncomfortable situation; if I remonstrate upon all this folly, I am upbraided with indifference, and scolded for want of experience in the ways of the world, of which I had before thought myself happy in being ignorant. Instead of endeavouring to please her husband, the whole attention of my wife is fixed upon herself. By fearing illness she hastens its attack, and loses the enjoyment of the present hour, without making preparation for her last, the approach of which can neither be retarded by terror, nor delayed by anxiety. If you can make her fully sensible of this, I may have some

hopes

hopes of spending the evening of my life in peace and comfort: and I shall ever remain

Your grateful and obedient servant,
AGRICOLA.

Agricola adds one more to the number of those whose pursuit of happiness has terminated in disappointment. The folly of his conduct, in choosing a wife so little suited to his situation, was the primary cause of that discontent and misery, of which he is now so acutely sensible, and of which he so feelingly complains.

Fortitude of mind seldom seems to be thought necessary to adorn or complete the character of a woman. If you complain to a lover of the timidity of his mistress, it will neither discompose his temper, nor repress his ardour. The want of a quality which he, probably, never expected to find, will neither lessen to him the value of her character, nor his hopes of future happiness. Every woman naturally flatters herself with the hopes of marriage, and very few are willing to reckon upon the possibility of spending their lives alone. They very properly imagine that it will be the duty of their husbands to guard them from every danger, but very seldom think that there may be many situations of life in which it will be necessary to protect themselves. Timidity may very easily be excused in the fair sex, especially those of higher rank, as luxury of life, and dissipation of manners, will always weaken and effeminate the powers of a mind naturally tender; but it is not easy to conceive how cowardice, or affectation of cowardice, came to be considered an accomplishment;—for what reason a woman of fashion should think it indispensably necessary to scream at the jolt of a carriage, to faint at the touch of a spider, or to fall into hysterics at the sight of a frog!

It would be well if such folly, which will always excite the ridicule and contempt of the wisest part of both sexes, were confined to women of rank; but the manners of the great have an insensible influence upon the classes of lower life. A waiting maid from London generally endeavours to acquire consequence by imitating the manners and airs of her mistress, when she returns into the country; and the more foolish and immoral these may be, the greater injury they will do, in vitiating young minds that were before happy in innocence and simplicity. Let then, those of my fair countrywomen, who think it an elegance to pretend fear where there is no danger, and to counterfeit terror for which there is no cause—learn from example what they have not yet been taught by experience: let those females of firmer minds, those ornaments to their country and sex, of whom this island can boast so many, teach them to cultivate that fortitude of mind, which arises only from a

consciousness of virtue, and of which there are so many situations of life that will require the exertion.

SOMERSET HOUSE,

ANCIENT *and* MODERN.

AS to the London residence of the bishops of Lichfield, styled in Smith's Register " His house without the bars of the New Temple, London," it was commonly called " Chester-place," and under that title was assured by act of parliament 31 Henry VIII. to Edward earl of Hertford, to whom the king had made a grant of it, having wrested it from the see without any compensation. The earl, who was created duke of Somerset 1. Edward VI. (1546), built a magnificent house on the site; and when the popular tide began to turn against this favourite of fortune, among other things which aggravated the general odium, it is remarked by a grave author, that " many well-disposed minds conceived a very hard opinion of him for causing a church near Strand-bridge, and two bishops' houses to be pulled down, to make a seat for his new building, called Somerset-house"—(Dugd. Bar. ii. 363). Yet what Fuller, with his usual quaintness, observes of this house, perhaps may deserve mentioning: that it is " so tenacious of the name" of this celebrated but unfortunate duke, " though he was not full five years possessed of it, that it would not change a duchy for a kingdom, when solemnly proclaimed by King James, Denmark-house, from the king of Denmark's lodging therein, and his sister Queen Anne 'her repairing thereof,"—(Church Hist. b. vii. p. 410, with 407, and b. vi. p. 357, xi. 119). The name still survives; and if a building the most beautiful perhaps, and the most ample, that ever was dedicated by a wealthy nation to the elegant arts and civil police; carried on without intermission during a most expensive war, when Europe and America were leagued against Britain; if these circumstances can give immortality to human operations, and secure a place in the page of faithful history, Somerset-house will be known by the latest ages, to the honour of a patriotic monarch, and a brave, generous, and loyal people.—(See Churton's Life of Bishop Smyth, p. 53-55.)

Spelman (Reliq. p. 212), and after him Strype (Stowe's Survey, b. iv. p. 105), assert that Chester-house was wrested from the see without any compensation; but a manuscript in the Cotton Library (Vesp, L. xvi. 2.) says the bishop had in recompence the parsonage of Hanberry, in Staffordshire.

The

The CRANE.

CRANES are often seen in Norfolk in hard winters, especially about the champain and open parts of the country. It seems they were formerly more plentiful, for in a bill of fare of an entertainment given by the mayor of Norwich to the duke of Norfolk, there are six cranes mentioned as forming one dish.

The weight of a crane being, in general, something more than ten pounds, the dish must have been a tolerably large one. This bird is now become extremely scarce in most parts of the kingdom, insomuch that many persons will not allow it to be considered as an English species.

AN ANECDOTE.

[From Carr's Tour in Holland and Germany.]

AFTER the elevation of General Murat to the rank of a prince of the French empire, by the title of grand duke of Berg, he halted, in the close of the last war, at a small town in Germany, where he staid for two or three days; and on finding the bread prepared for his table of an inferior kind, he dispatched one of his suite to order the best baker in the town to attend him, to receive from him his directions respecting this precious article of life. A baker who had been long established in the place was selected for this purpose; and upon the aid-de-camp ordering him to wait upon the prince immediately, he observed, to the no little surprise of the officer, "It is useless my going; the prince will never employ me." Upon being pressed to state his reasons, he declined assigning any; but as the order of the messenger was peremptory, he followed him, and was immediately admitted to Murat, with whom he staid about ten minutes, and then retired.

As he quitted the house in which the prince lodged, he observed to the aid-de-camp, "I told you the prince would not employ me; he has dismissed me with this," displaying a purse of ducats. Upon being again pressed to explain the reason of this extraordinary conduct, he replied, "The Prince Murat, when a boy, was apprenticed to a biscuit-baker in the south of France, at the time I was a journeyman to him, and I have often thrashed him for being idle: the moment he saw me just now, he instantly remembered me, and without entering into the subject of our ancient acquaintance, or of that which led me to his presence, he took this purse of ducats from the table where he sat, gave it me, and ordered me to retire."

Answer, by J. Trood, of Bridgewater, to R. Trewavas's Rebus, inserted July 27.

A NOVEL, Sir, doth oft give pleasure,
So you may read it at your leisure.

☞ We have received the like answer from W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; and J. Lewis, of Poole.

Answer, by H. Ellis, of Exeter, to J. Lewis's Rebus, inserted July 27.

IN gentle streams that soft meandering flow,
Where gently murmuring zephyrs blow,
The YACHT expands each flowing sail,
Subservient to the wafting gale.

☞ A similar answer has been received from Corporal Colly, of St. Germain's; H. Easter; and R. Loosemore, of Tiverton.

Answer, by T. H. Jun. of Bristol, to J. R. S. R.'s Rebus, inserted August 3.

YOUR rebus, Sir, if I judge right,
Brings the fam'd author, BLAIR, to sight.

☞ We have received the like answer from H. Easter, of Poole; H. Ellis, of Exeter; R. Loosemore, of Tiverton; J. Trood, and W. D. Champion, of Bridgewater; W. D. of Bristol; W. Plugg, of Perranuthnoe; J. Lewis, of Poole; G. A F. Arden, and S. D. of South Petherton; Corporal Colley, and T. Coumbe, of St. Germau's; and a private of the Meneage volunteers.

A CHARADE, *by W. Plugg, of Perranuthnoe.*

A Number for my first pray find;
An insect then you'll call to mind:
My first and second will make known,
One who possesses—not his own.

A REBUS *by J. Joyce, of Tiverton.*

YE rebus unravelling bards;
First find out a good game at cards;
And next, without much hesitation,
Discover a grand appellation;
What the gay Bacchanalians push round,
Will my last, I assure ye, expound:
These three join'd together, you'll see,
What's useful to both you and me.

A CHARADE, *by W. D. of Bristol.*

THE service of a foreign church,
Imprimis bring to mind:
In yon extensive ground go search,
My second, gents. you'll find.

My whole's the sad effect of war,
That scourge of every land!
But soon may peace, to all mankind,
Stretch forth her heavenly hand.

POETRY.

The STRANGER.

[From Mrs. Charlotte Smith's Poems.]

IN such a castellated mansion once
A stranger chose his home; and where hard by
In rude disorder fallen, and hid with brushwood,
Lay fragments gray of towers and buttresses,
Among the ruins, often he would muse—
His rustic meal soon ended, he was wont
To wander forth, listening the evening sounds
Of rushing milldam, or the distant team,
Or night jar, chasing fern flies: the tired hind
Pass'd him at nightfall, wondering he should sit
On the hill top so late: they from the coast
Who sought bye paths with their clandestine load,
Saw, with suspicious doubt, the lonely man
Cross on their way: but village maidens thought
His senses injur'd; and with pity say
That he, poor youth! must have been cross'd in love—
For often stretch'd upon the mountain turf,
With folded arms, and eyes intently fix'd,
Where ancient elms and firs obscur'd a grange,
Some little space within the vale below,
They heard him, as complaining of his fate,
And to the murmuring wind, of cold neglect
And baffled hope he told. The peasant girls
These plaintive sounds remember, and even now
Among them may be heard the stranger's songs.

Were I a shepherd on the hill,
And ever as the mists withdrew
Could see the willows of the rill
Shading the footway to the mill
Where once I walk'd with you.

And as away night's shadows sail,
And sounds of birds and brooks arise,
Believe, that from the woody vale
I hear your voice upon the gale
In soothing melodies;

And viewing from the Alpine height,
The prospect dress'd in hues of air,
Could say, while transient colours bright
Touch'd the fair scene with dewy light,
'Tis that *her* eyes are there!

I think I could endure my lot
And linger on a few short years,
And then, by all but you forgot,
Sleep, where the turf that clothes the spot
May claim some pitying tears.

For 'tis not easy to forget
One, who thro' life has lov'd you still,
And you, however late, might yet
With sighs to memory given, regret
The shepherd of the hill.

* * * *

Wandering

Wandering on the beach,
He learn'd to augur from the clouds of heaven,
And from the changing colours of the sea,
And sullen murmurs of the hollow cliffs,
Or the dark porpoises, that near the shore
Gambol'd and sported on the level brine
When tempests were approaching: then at night
He listen'd to the wind; and as it drove
The billows with o'erwhelming vehemence
He, starting from his rugged couch, went forth
And hazarding a life, too valueless,
He waded thro' the waves, with plank or pole,
Towards where the mariner, in conflict dread,
Was buffeting for life the roaring surge;
And now just seen, now lost in foaming gulphs,
The dismal gleaming of the clouded moon
Shew'd the dire peril. Often he had snatch'd,
From the wild billow, some unhappy man
Who liv'd to bless the hermit of the rocks.
But if his gen'rous cares were all in vain,
And with slow swell the tide of morning bore
Some blue swol'n corse to land; the pale recluse
Dug in the chalk a sepulchre; above
Where the dank sea wrack mark'd the utmost tide,
And with his prayers perform'd the obsequies
For the poor helpless stranger.

One dark night
The equinoctial wind blew south by west,
Fierce on the shore; the bellowing cliffs were shook
Ev'n to their stony base, and fragments fell
Flashing and thundering on the angry flood.
At day-break, anxious for the lonely man,
His cave the mountain shepherds visited,
Tho' sand and banks of weeds had choak'd their way.
He was not in it: but his drowned corse,
By the waves wafted, near his former home
Received the rites of burial. Those who read,
Chisell'd within the rock, these mournful lines,
Memorials of his sufferings, did not grieve
That dying in the cause of charity
His spirit, from its earthly bondage freed,
Had to some better region fled for ever.

The SAD RESEMBLANCE.

A Little month, and deep in Arno's dale,
Its silken leaves yet moist with early dew,
I mark'd the modest lily of the vale
Raise its meek head, and, Clara, look, like you.

Wrapp'd in a shadowy veil of tender green,
The air around its virgin sweets perfum'd,
And bending, as reluctant to be seen,
In simple loveliness, unconscious bloom'd.

With bosom bar'd, to meet the garish day,
The glaring tulip, gaudy, undismay'd,
Offends the eye of taste, that turns away
To seek the lily in its lornly shade.

Thus, in the morn of spring, the sweet pair bloom'd,
(False are the wand'rer's hopes, and vain his sighs)
By sympathy to sad resemblance doom'd,
Lo! Clara sickens, and the lily dies.